THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR. JULY, 1903. NO. 7.

FATHER CHABANEL, A VICTIM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

ON the day after the martyrdom of Father Garnier, another Jesuit, Father Noël Chabanel, was killed by an apostate Huron. At the command of his superior he had left St. John and was on his way to the new Fort St. Mary's, accompanied by several Hurons. It was the night before the eighth of December, and the travelers had stopped in the forest, and all but the missionary were asleep. Towards midnight he heard the sound of footsteps and confused shouts. It was the Iroquois army returning from victory and carrrying with them a small number of captives. He awakened his companions, who fled in dismay. Unable to follow them, on account of his fatigue, he stayed behind with one of the Hurons. "It matters little," he said to them, "whether I die or not; life is of little consequence. The happiness of Paradise is the only true good, and that the Iroquois cannot take from me."

The enemies passed by, however, without seeing him, and at daybreak he set out with his companion. They were soon halted by a river. Bressani adds: "We do not know what became of the Father after this, whether he was killed by hostile Indians or lost in the woods; whether he died of cold or hunger, or was murdered by the Huron, who brought the last tidings of him and returned clad in the Father's garments. But it is natural to believe that this Huron had killed him, for he had boasted shortly before that he would kill a Jesuit." The *Relation* of 1650 is not more precise in its account, although it expresses the same suspicions. They were only

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too well grounded. The Huron was an apostate, and from a renegade savage anything can be expected. In fact, a long while after, he openly declared that he had killed the missionary out of hatred for the faith, because, since he and his family had become Christians, misfortunes had showered upon them.

Father Chabanel, still in the vigor of manhood, might have rendered great services to the Indian missions, as he was a man of talent and of literary attainments. He had taught classics and rhetoric for several years in France. Yet it would be hard to find a man less talented for savage tongues: after four or five years of study, he could hardly make himself understood in the Huron language. Moreover, everything about the missionary's life was repugnant to him—the food, dwelling, way of sleeping, the travels and the dangers he encountered. Hence during his first years among the Hurons he was at times disheartened and distressed. Inability to teach the savages or to make himself understood, horror or fear of everything, were sad trials for an apostle. Frequently he said to himself: "Would it not be better for me to go back to France where I could be more useful than I am here? There the manner of life is to my liking, my occupations would suit my talents, I would live a devoted, religious life. God does not ask the same sacrifices from every one, the same degree of mortification or devotion. If He wanted me here, He would give me the means of making myself useful and the grace to overcome this intense repugnance that I feel, in spite of myself, everywhere and in everything." Such thoughts troubling his soul, soon began to tell on his health and his brethren perceived the hard struggle that he was having. Those who were more intimate with me did all they could to encourage and console him, telling him that in time it would be all right, he would soon be able to devote himself to his work and that he had already acquired sufficient knowledge of Huron to labor for the salvation of souls. They added also that our Lord had permitted this grievous temptation to prove and to sanctify him.

It was, indeed, a temptation, all the more dangerous, as it appeared under the semblance of good. True to the motto of

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St. Ignatius, "All for the greater glory of God," the Father asked himself and had a right to ask whether he would not do more for God's glory in France, than in Canada. No one who has not experienced such a trial can understand the agitation of a soul that is seeking to know its duty or to find out, at least, the best course and, in the midst of contrary feelings, is unable to come to a decision.

Father Chabanel had come to the Hurons in August, 1647; for three years he had been thus harassed with doubts whether he was really at the post that Providence designed for him; in suffering and prayer he had been unable to solve these doubts or attain peace of mind either from the light of grace or from faith-enlightened reason. However, one day, the twentieth of June, 1647, he heard a voice in his heart, urging him to put an end to these cruel waverings and, rising above all purely natural considerations, with generous self-denial he bound himself by vow to live and die in the mission of Canada. The words of this vow are too beautiful to be omitted:

"Lord Jesus Christ, who hast by the admirable disposition of Thy paternal Providence wished me, although most unworthy, to be the assistant of the saintly Apostles of this Huron vineyard, I, Noël Chabanel, impelled by the desire of obeying the Holy Spirit in promoting the conversion of the savage Hurons to Thy faith, vow before the most Blessed Sacrament of Thy Precious Body and Blood, the Tabernacle of God with men, perpetual stability in this Huron Mission, understanding all things according to the interpretation and disposition of the Society and its Superiors; I beseech Thee therefore to accept me as the perpetual servant of this mission and to make me worthy of so high a ministry. Amen. June 20, 1647. Feast of Corpus Christi."

It has been said that crosses are everywhere; if you run away from them you will surely find them. The happiest are those who welcome them. The vow made by Father Chabanel did not put a stop to trials and crosses. As in the past, he experienced the same difficulties in the study of the Huron language, the same repugnances for the hard life of a missionary; but he no longer looked back; he em-

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braced his cross with generosity and began with the help of divine grace to wish for this unbloody martyrdom and for the martyrdom of blood also. "I beg all the Fathers of our Province," he wrote to his brother in France, "to remember me at the Altar, as a victim destined perchance for the fire of the Iroquois; that by the protection of so many saints I may win victory in so hard a struggle."

Setting out for the Petuns, whither he was sent by his superior a short time before his death, Father Noël said to one of his brethren: "Oh, that I may give myself to God this time and belong to him entirely." Then he added: "I don't know what there is in me, and what God wishes to do with me, but I feel altogether changed in one respect. Naturally I am very timid, yet now that I am going to the greatest danger, and that it looks as if death were not far off, I feel no more dread. This disposition does not come from me." It came assuredly from God, who was thus preparing him for the supreme sacrifice.

At the village of St. John, where he labored under Father Garnier, he manifested neither timidity nor fear. Distrusting his own weakness, he awaited all things from the Divine Power; he fled from no suffering, avoided no difficulty and had no fear of death. He wrote at this time to his brother: "I am striving to act the hidden martyr, *martyrem in umbrâ*. . . . Your Reverence has very nearly had a martyr for your brother, but alas! virtue of a very different stamp from mine is needed in God's sight to win the martyr's crown." Nevertheless he won it, and the martyrdom resembled the hidden martyrdom that he encountered night and day in his apostolic life, witnessed only by the eye of God. The shadow of mystery surrounded his last days on earth; but, as the historian of New France truly says, "although his death had not so much glory in the eyes of men, it was none the less precious in the sight of Him who judges according to the dispositions of our hearts and counts no less what we have wished to do for Him, than what we have actually done and suffered (1)."

(1) Father Noël Chabanel, born February 2, 1613, in the diocese of Mende, entered the Society of Jesus at Toulouse, February 9, 1630. He

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The news of the glorious death of Fathers Garnier and Chabanel and of the ruin of the village of St. John reached the island of St. Joseph towards the end of December and caused there great sorrow.

Here, too, there was deep mourning and general consternation. Thousands of savages, almost all of whom were Christians, had taken refuge among the missionaries, without thinking whether it were possible to find support on a spot where the soil had not yet been upturned. The Jesuits, on their part, were glad to see these children, whom during the last years they had begotten unto Christ, gathered around their modest chapel. No one seemed to foresee or wished to think of the sad consequences of such a large assemblage of men.

It is true, the first arrivals in the island had sowed the ground, but the harvest that was sufficient for the support of a few families could not nourish several thousands. It was soon exhausted. For want of better food, most of these newcomers lived during the summer on roots, wild fruit and a few fish, and this meagre fare did not appear to injure the health of these Indians, accustomed from childhood to undergo the most severe privations. When winter came even these supplies ceased, and in all the huts there was awful misery.

The Jesuits had brought from Fort St. Mary's a rather large supply of Indian corn, and had, moreover, gathered in the neighboring woods and set aside a large quantity of acorns and roots. They knew of old the improvidence of the savage, and that after a certain period the Fathers would be forced to come to their assistance or see them die of starvation.

Unfortunately, the resources at their command were very little for so large a throng. They offered them to the Indians, reserving only what was strictly necessary to sustain as best they could the *donnés*, the servants, the soldiers and the Religious. "We endeavor, in all charity, to supply the extreme

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studied philosophy at Toulouse (1632-1634), taught there for five years the three grammar classes, poetry and rhetoric, made his theology in the same city (1639–1641), and then taught rhetoric at Rodez (1641–1642). After his third year of probation he was sent to Canada, arriving at Quebec August 15, 1643. He spent one year at Quebec and then went to St. Mary's among the Hurons. He died December 8, 1649.

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needs of our poor Christians," Father Ragueneau wrote. "There are none who do not live on our alms, so that we are publicly called the fathers of the country, and we are so indeed. . . . As for the future, the Lord will provide. . . . 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' All our nourishment consists of a little corn, dried fruits and roots; our only drink is cold water. The skins of the wild beasts serve for our clothing. Yet, although all should be wanting, we hope, with God's grace, that courage, confidence and patience will never be wanting. That I can promise you in the name of all the Fathers who are here."

In the same letter letter Father Ragueneau adds: "We have two great causes of fear; one, the hostile Iroquois, the other, the lack of food. And we are unable to see how we can obviate this last difficulty."

In fact, it was impossible. The provisions of the Fathers ran out and the ground being covered with snow, the rivers and lakes all frozen, there was absolutely nothing at hand. Famine commenced. "It was a horrible sight to see men turned into living skeletons, likes the shades of death, rather than living bodies, going around and taking as food things most repugnant to nature." "They dug up the corpses and brothers ate the flesh of their brothers, mothers their children and children their parents. This horrible spectacle was witnessed more than once; our savages abhor such viands no less than Europeans; but hunger leaves no place for reflection."

Famine never comes alone; it is either accompanied or followed by contagious diseases and these two scourges brought death to countless victims.

War alone was now wanting to complete the destruction of this unhappy nation and it did not delay long. Hunger, they say, will make the wolves leave the forests. As soon as the ice began to melt and the ground to reappear, the starving Hurons set out from Fort St. Mary's to catch some fish. "But where they hoped to find life, they met with slavery or death. They fell into the hands of the Iroquois, who hunted them everywhere, especially during the night." To add to their calamities, they were forced to be on guard night and day, because

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the Iroquois had come in large numbers to the island and were waiting for a favorable hour to enter the fort and massacre all the inhabitants.

The situation had become unbearable. So, when spring came, two Huron chiefs came to the Superior and said in the name of all: "To-night in a council we have resolved to abandon this island. The greater number wish to retire into the woods where they can live alone, far from their enemies; some intend to journey for six long days from here; others will join our allies, the Andastes; and others will throw themselves into the arms of the enemy where they have many relatives who want them. . . . You alone, my brother, can give us life, if you will make a bold stroke. Choose a place where you can have an assembly and hinder this dispersion. Turn your eyes towards Quebec and transport thither the remnant of this ruined land. Do not wait until famine and war have killed all. You carry us in your hands and in your heart; death has robbed you of more than *ten thousand*, if you delay longer, not a single one will be left and you will then regret that you did not save those whom you could have rescued from the danger and who proposed to you the means of doing so. If you listen to our desires, we shall build a church under shelter of the fortress of Quebec. Our faith will not be extinguished there."

These words prompted by high sentiments of faith, touched Father Ragueneau very deeply. They gave, indeed, the only solution that was possible or reasonable in the grave difficulties that beset them; they pointed out the only true way to save the dispersed remnant of the Church and the Huron Nation. The Superior of the Jesuits and his brethren after careful discussion, agreed to it unanimously; yet it was not without much heart-bleeding. How could they leave without regret, without bitter sorrow, a land so long sterile and now fertile, a soil watered for sixteen years by the sweat of apostles, reddened by the blood of five martyrs! And, moreover, in leaving this outpost in the wilderness, were they not, perhaps, shutting behind them forever the door that would lead to Christianity among the countless tribes of the West?

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ROSE MEMORIES.

I MISS the roses—they are gone ;
Last night a prowling wind
Stole in and out the garden close
And left no bloom behind.
The petaled joy that was so sweet—
Brief was its day and all too fleet.

I miss the roses—miss them so !
With them the June-time fled.
Born of the perfumed wind and air
Something that was, is dead.
But mem'ry holds a fairer rose
Whose home is in no garden close.

HELEN MORIARTY.

THE JESUIT MISSIONARY IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

THERE is no page in American history more touching, more rich in dramatic situations, more full of heroic achievements, of inconceivable self-sacrifice, of patient toil, of untold suffering cheerfully sought after and endured, than that which records the life and sufferings of the early Jesuit missionaries. They were the first pioneers of civilization and religion upon our continent, and "in their toils, their sufferings and their conflicts, momentous questions were at stake and issues vital to the future world." Bancroft and Parkman have borne testimony to their devotion to duty, to their zeal for the salvation of souls and to their success in the cause of aboriginal civilization and Christianization. But there is much more of Jesuit historical lore left unexplored even by these writers, and it is reserved for others to pursue the research with great advantage both to themselves and to the general reader. Careful researches tell us of the suffering and trials with which these early laborers in the vineyard of the Lord won

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their triumphs. Most of them were martyrs to their faith and few "died the common death of all men" or were permitted to lie in ground consecrated by the Church they loved so well. Some, like du Poisson and Souel, fell beneath the tomahawks of the infuriated savages and their bodies are thrown to feed the vultures, whose shriek as they flapped their wings above them had been their only requiem. But these things did not deter the sons of Loyola; they might "suffer but they knew in whom they believed;" they "were set for the fall and rise of many." "Nothing happened to them for which they were not prepared when they devoted themselves to the Indian missions." They realized that they were "appointed unto death." "*Ibo, et non redibo*" were the prophetic words of one of the most glorious of these martyrs, but it did not deter him and he met his death like Father du Poisson.

Is it not a pity that these men are not better known than they are, and that the history of their courage and sufferings, touching and edifying as it is, has been comparatively neglected? It is, in a measure, to make up for that neglect that the following incidents of missionary life are presented.

The early part of the eighteenth century marks an interesting period of missionary history along our southwestern coast, along the Mississippi and its tributaries. Long before a French colony had been established at the mouth of the "Father of Waters," the Jesuit missionary "whose youth had been spent in the peaceful valleys of Languedoc, had explored the wilderness of Wisconsin and caused the prairies of Illinois to resound with Catholic hymns." True, in this work, both here and in the almost unexplored regions of Arkansas, he was hampered in his labors by disputed jurisdiction and the claims of the Bishop of Quebec to this section of the country as part of his diocese. True, he had, for a time, to abandon a field that was ripe for the husbandman, but with the growth of the colony came a corresponding demand for the Sacraments and the authorities were forced to come to an understanding. Thus it came to pass that as early as 1726 the Mississippi Company entered into negotiations with the Jesuits and the Capuchins and some communities of Sisters, which resulted

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in the grant of a tract of land in New Orleans to the Jesuits, in what later on became known as the second municipality. This they held until the suppression of the Society, and at a later period it became the cause of a celebrated suit.

The distribution of labor growing out of the negotiations above mentioned was rather peculiar. The Indian missions were turned over to the Jesuits, all men of the highest education, and the care of the whites was entrusted to the Capuchins. Although the Superior of each of these orders was to have his headquarters in New Orleans, the Superior of the Jesuits was forbidden to perform any ecclesiastical function among the colonists without the consent of the Provincial of the Capuchins. The sons of Loyola bided their time; they can always afford to wait.

Early in 1727 the good ship *Gironde* arrived at New Orleans from France, bringing a band of Jesuit Fathers whose names later on became identified with the history of Catholicity in these regions and the story of whose heroic sufferings and, in some cases, glorious martyrdom, is a source of admiration and edification, even in our own day. The Jesuit's work was to be away from the settlements of the whites—it was for that he had crossed the ocean, and was now ready to carry the cross into the wilderness. Among the passengers on the *Gironde* were Fathers Paul du Poisson, Jean de Souel, Réné Tartarin, Estéphe Doutreleau and Jean Dumas and a colony of Ursuline Nuns.

Hardly were these good missionaries given time to recover from the fatigues of the long ocean voyage when they were hurried off to distant missions. In May, 1727, Fathers du Poisson, Souel and Dumas set out in a small boat or *pirogue*, in charge of Brother Simon, a *donné* of the Illinois missions and ascended the Mississippi as far as the mouth of the Arkansas. Their journey was attended with all manner of dangers from floods, strong currents, floating timber and the like and with inconveniences of all kinds. They suffered terribly from a plague of gnats which compelled them to sleep in smothering bags, notwithstanding the hot season; and even then, they were not free from these terrors, for they would get into the

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bags and creep into the ears and noses of their victims. In a few days the scanty supply of provisions carried by the missionaries gave out and they were forced to live on *gru*, a preparation of corn pounded so as to remove the outer skin and then boiled for a long time in water. This was sometimes mixed with bear's fat. A spoonful of *gru* and a small piece of meat (when they had it) were taken together.

The chief work of these missionaries was to labor among the Arkansas, Choctaws and Alibamons, and they did it with characteristic zeal until the suppression of the Society. Father du Poisson stopped among the Arkansas whose villages lay scattered along the Arkansas river some miles above the mouth of the White river. He labored among them for three years, during which time he did all that it was possible to do among a people whose language, a very difficult one, he was obliged to learn, and whose debasement was far from encouraging. Yet, he baptized many who were in danger of death and made quite a number of conversions.

Father Souel's work took him further down the river, near the mouth of the Yazoo, among the Yazoos, while Father Dumas went up the river among the villages of the Illinois, where he remained until 1740. After years of arduous labor in the wilds of America, he returned to France, where he devoted the remainder of his life to teaching Hebrew and writing works on mathematics and astronomy.

Father du Poisson continued to labor in his sterile field. It is true that when he first reached the French post, which had been established some time before, the missionary was received with apparent pleasure, being assured by the savage chief of that region that "his heart laughed" on learning that the black gown would always remain with his people to "teach them to know the Great Spirit, as he had done among the Illinois;" but his joy was only transitory.

In the meantime, Father du Poisson set to work to perfect himself in the language and to tend the sick. "This occupation," he says, "did not, in any way, prevent my making, on each Sunday and festival day, an exhortation during Mass, and also giving instruction after Vespers. I have had the conso-

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lation of seeing that the greater part have profited by it to come forward to the Sacraments, and that the others are disposed to do so. We are, indeed, well recompensed for the greatest trials, if they are followed by the conversion of even a single sinner."

In November, 1729, Father du Poisson, forced by the necessities of his mission and a desire to obtain some favors for his beloved "Arkansas," visited the Natchez colony. His disappointment was great on finding that Father Philibert, the *curé* of the place, had gone to New Orleans. He remained over Sunday (November 27), and said Mass for the Post. His visit was at an unfortunate time. The Indians had become incensed against the French commander, M. du Chopart, because of his injustice towards them, and his determination to remove the Indians from their village to another place, so that he might build a town for the whites where their homes had been. The good Jesuit noticed the feeling of unrest that prevailed, but took little account of it except to pour oil upon the troubled waters. Learning that there were some sick Indians in the villages, he determined to visit them the next day, and, in order to be able to carry the Viaticum to any who might be in need of it, he resolved to say Mass the next morning before starting on his errand of mercy. Hardly had he time to put on his vestments, when a gigantic chief fell upon him, threw him upon the ground, and after repeated blows with his tomahawk, severed his head from his body. A general massacre ensued, and the governor fell by the hands of one of the humblest Indians of the tribe, the chiefs disdaining to stain their hands with his blood. Father du Poisson was in the thirty-seventh year of his age, having been born at Epinal, France, January 27, 1692.

The spirit of revenge awakened among the Arkansas Indians at the Arkansas Post, soon manifested itself in another massacre at the French Post, at the mouth of the Yazoo, when the Yazoos, instigated by the Natchez, on December 11, fell upon the French residing at the Post and slaughtered them without mercy. Father Souel who was returning from a visit to a neighboring chief, while in a ravine, was literally riddled

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with bullets. His negro attendant shared the same fate. Father Souel, like his confrère, Father du Poisson was called to his reward while yet a young man, being only 35 or 36 years of age.

The Post of Arkansas is a very old station. From Charlevoix's history of New France and the *Lettres Édifiantes et Curieuses* of the early missionaries, we learn that the Jesuits were in the habit of going down the river, from Natchez, then known as Rosalie (in honor of St. Rosalie) to preach the Gospel to the Arks, Kansas or Arkansas, as the Indians along the banks of the Arkansas river were indifferently called. Recent writers claim that the Post of the Arkansas above referred to was somewhere lower down the river than the present Arkansas Post.

Father Vivier, in a letter dated at Illinois, November 17, 1750, says that the French settlement on the Arkansas river had been attacked and dispersed by the irreconcilable enemies of the French, the Chikasaws (called *Chassés* by Father du Poisson) in May 1748, and that no missionary could remain after that time with the unfortunate tribes of the *Arkensas*, but the Registers would seem to indicate that the mission was renewed at a later date, for we find that in 1764, (on March 11 and 12), Father Sebastian Louis Meurin, S.J., is recorded as having baptized nine persons. "Don Jean Baptiste de Montclairvaux being at that time Governor of the Post of Arkansas."

Father Étienne Doutreleau, who, as we have seen, arrived in Louisiana in 1727, with Fathers du Poisson, Souel, and the Colony of Ursuline nuns, was born in France, in 1693, and spent twenty years in missionary labor in the Mississippi Valley. After the murder of his companions, while still laboring among the Illinois, he one day sailed down the Mississippi on a flatboat, his destination being New Orleans, whither he was going to provide for the needs of his mission. He conceived the idea of spending New Year's day with his friend Father Souel, of whose fate he was ignorant, but upon finding that he would be unable to do this, he decided to land at the mouth of the Yazoo, erect a little altar, and say his New Years'

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Mass there. While he was preparing to do so, one of his boatmen fired at some wild fowl, and when the good Father was ready to begin Mass, the boatmen came up to the altar. The report of his gun was heard by some Indians who ran their canoe to the shore, and answered the hail of the boatmen with the assurance that they were "Yazoos' comrades of the French." Though they were not Christians, they seemed to understand what the priest was doing, and fell upon their knees behind the whites. Father Doutreleau was in the act of reciting *Kyrie Eleison*, imploring the mercy of heaven, when the Indians treacherously opened fire upon the missionary and his men. One boatman fell dead while the others hurried to the boat. Father Doutreleau, wounded in the arm, felt that his hour had come and knelt to receive his death blows. But his prayer for mercy had been heard, and though the bullets whistled around him none reached his person. He took courage, sprang to his feet and, with his vestments still on, ran for the boat, which was already occupied by his companions, who were not a little surprised at seeing him alive. Father Doutreleau climbed into the boat, and in looking back to ascertain whether the Indians were following him, received a charge of smart shot in his mouth, while another of his men was disabled by a bullet. Wounded and bleeding as he was, the good missionary insisted upon steering the boat while his remaining companions pushed out into the stream and rowed for their lives. They directed their course down the river so closely pursued by their enemies that the men were more than once on the point of giving themselves up. The good priest encouraged them, and seizing an old musket which was lying in the bottom of the boat pointed it at the Indians, and in this way succeeded in making the yelling savages give up the chase and go back to the Frenchmen's camp to secure what plunder they might find.

In the meantime the missionary and his companions reached a place of safety and dressed their wounds as best they could. They next threw everything they had in their boat into the river, keeping only a little raw bacon for their nourishment. They had hoped to have found relief at Natchez, where they

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proposed to land, but the sight of smoking ruins of the French habitations warned them to keep away. The Indians along the banks of the river made friendly overtures and tried to induce them to land, but they had learned by bitter experience to put little confidence in the words of treacherous savages and prudently kept on their way. In passing the *Tonicas* they kept as far from the hostile shore as possible, but they were soon discovered, and a boat put out to meet them. Their fears were renewed and they plied their oars with all the strength they possessed. Soôn, however, they heard their native language spoken, and then realized that they were, at last, among friends, and gladly pulled for the shore. Here they found a camp of French soldiers, whose officers were very compassionate, and provided for their necessities. A surgeon attended to Father Doutreleau and his companions, and the next day, after a good night's rest, they continued their journey to New Orleans. It is needless to add that as soon as his wounds were treated Father Doutreleau returned to the army to serve as chaplain. Later on we hear of him at Fort Wabash or Post Vincennes; next as chaplain of the hospital at New Orleans, then in charge of the Ursulines. He returned to France in 1747, after twenty years of missionary labor in the Mississippi Valley.

Nearly three hundred years have passed since these noble Jesuit Fathers, like their heroic confrères in other parts of our country, perished at the stake or fell under the tomahawk, the victims of the savage cruelty of the very creatures for the salvation of whose souls they cheerfully gave up their lives. But the flames that lighted their path to paradise still shine like beacon lights to their successors among the "Rockies" or amid Alaskan snows. Along the banks of majestic rivers, in the clearing of the forest, by the mountain's side, the Cross of Redemption planted by the Jesuit Missionary towers high above all the works of man. Over hill and dale, over swamp and ravine, where the feet of du Poisson, Souel, Doutreleau and others toiled wearily to carry the "glad tidings" to obdurate souls, to-day is heard the sweet tone of the Angelus bell calling the faithful to prayer, and to the student of history

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it recalls the devoted pioneers of France and of Loyola, who braved the dangers of the forest to plant the Cross of Christ in the wilds of the Mississippi Valley.

MARC VALETTE.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

ON the brow of the hill, not far from Kandy, is a bungalow, home of a missionary. To-day he sits on the balcony reading his breviary.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. A company of soldiers is ascending the steep road; they pass.

The priest raises his eyes and murmurs, "God help them in their hour of temptation."

The white helmets glare in the bright blaze of the scorching tropical sun.

A minute or two and they are beneath the shade of a cluster of palms that crown the summit of the hill.

"Halt! At ease!" The sharp, stern tones come on the warm breeze to the ears of the priest.

Father X—— sees a young officer approach, and push the wicket open. He rises to meet the visitor.

"Are you a Catholic priest?" asks the soldier, as he grasps the outstretched hand.

"Yes; can I be of service to you?"

"Father, I wish to go to confession, I believe I am prepared; if you spare me a few minutes, I shall tell you why."

"Pray be seated, make yourself at home."

"Well, Father, I have led rather a careless life since I left Europe, neglected my religion, given up prayer, all but three Hail Marys every night. A few nights ago I forgot them and slept. I know not how long I was asleep when something woke me; the thought came, 'I have forgotten my three Hail Marys'. I got up and fell on my knees, and as I prayed I heard a strange sound. I struck a light, and there across my pillow was a deadly cobra."

"'Matufa,' I cried in alarm. 'Quick, quick, bring a rattan.'

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"My faithful Bengalese must have had the cane on the mat where he was asleep, for he was with me before I could find a second match with which to light the lamp.

"Wait a moment, take care, there is a snake on my settee.

"Quick, vigorous, the crack of Matufa's cane on the head of the reptile, and the snake was dead.

"Matufa gone, there came a flood of emotions. I laid down again, but I could not sleep. My conscience stung me. The days of my innocence came back; happy college days, and now, what a change! Yes, 'I must live up to my convictions if I would have peace.' I made up my mind to go to confession. A hundred times I cried that night, 'Oh, Good Mother, help me!' Since then I have been thinking of my sins. Father, please hear my confession."

Confession over, the young captain asked the prayers of the priest, and after a warm grasp of the hand, hurried off to his men.

Father X——, as he watched the receding figure, exclaimed : "How our Blessed Mother rewards so small an action as the daily recital of three Hail Marys."

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

The rainy weather has more than made up for the dry season preceding it. It has benefited vines, trees and hedges. The spruce trees especially, which were planted this year in place of those which had given out since the first planting in 1898, are doing very nicely, and the new rows of hemlock and poplar leading to the new bridge in the ravine look as if they had been there for years.

The first pilgrimage of the season is announced to come from St. Joseph's Church, Troy, New York. It will be made on Sunday, July 19. After that, a priest will reside at the shrine and Mass will be said there regularly until September 9. Before July 19, one of the Fathers will be at Auriesville occasionally, but it is impossible to promise that Mass will be said every day.

It is always gratifying to record that wind and weather have

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done little or no damage to the property. This year the destruction of the old memorial cross is all we have had to deplore, and though we may regret the loss of the original shrine land mark, it must be remembered that it was only temporary and a new one already replaces it also temporary, until we shall have the means of erecting on the site a permanent memorial.

Nothing has been changed and little has been added to the structures on the shrine property. An altar table stands before the statue of Our Lady of Sorrows, a covered porch has been erected on the west side of the Fathers' residence and the interior has been altered so as to provide more rooms. We wish provision could be made for accommodating some of the pilgrims who may wish to spend some time about the shrine. That will come, too, in good time, though the destruction of a neighbor's house by fire this year will deprive some of very acceptable quarters.

After deciding not to attempt to begin the new chapel or even a portion of it this year, we withheld the letters of appeal we had intended to send to all the friends of Auriesville. Those who receive them now may think that they are not early or urgent enough: still we issue them, not only because the shrine needs assistance even before we can think of building anything new here, but also because so many are accustomed to contribute for the needs of the place at this time of the year, and because all will, we are confident, give as generously as they can afford.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

E. M., Bedford Park, N. Y	$ 0.50
J. F., New York	5.00
"Anon"	150.00

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MISSION NOTES.

SCENES IN PAGAN CHINA.

IN a letter to the students of the Apostolic School of Thien, in Belgium, dated Sept. 16, 1902, a missionary, Father Hopsomer, S.J., thus describes some of the pagan customs of the Chinese:

"Just at this season all China keeps holiday. Everybody, from the poorest to the most wealthy, is going to eat this evening his *pao-ze*, little flour cakes cooked in steam and containing chopped meat—beef, pork, horse-flesh, the flesh of asses, dogs, etc.: it doesn't make any difference, provided it is meat; the Chinese palate is accommodating. But they will not eat without drinking; and so the people of the Celestial Empire, who are very sober, seeing that they drink only tea, will indulge to-day in a glass of hot *arach*, a wine made from millet.

"But what extraordinary thing is there, then, to-day? We are at the 15th of the moon; and never, it appears, does the queen of night emit a light more soft or lustrous than at this season. She vests herself in all her splendor, and this date is chosen to offer sacrifice to the hare which has the charge of directing the moon in her course, while they pray to him to be the faithful guardian of the harvests. After a little while, in every pagan house, before the feast begins, the father of the family will offer to the hare the food that is set on the table; then all begin to eat.

"Truly China is still steeped in paganism, and paganism is a tissue of contradictions; 450,000,000 of Chinese will sacrifice to-day to the hare as to a god, and yet the hare is for the Chinese an unclean animal. When they speak of it, they will not pronounce the name, it would be shocking: they employ a periphrase. To call one a turtle would be a dire affront; and yet the turtle has its temples here; and the imposing sepulchral stones rest upon turtles. A few years ago, when the Emperor, frightened by the earthquakes, consulted the principal men of his empire, the famous Li-Hung-Chang wrote to his majesty advising the erection of a pagoda in honor of the turtle. Our globe, according to Chinese philosophy, reposes on a turtle; when the creature is displeased there are earthquakes; and so it

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must be appeased by sacrifices. The Emperor adopted the old statesman's advice.

"Quite lately the viceroy of a neighboring province published a decree, promising a considerable sum of money to anyone who would capture the devils who chase away the clouds and cause the drought. Every year, at the beginning of spring, the mandarin, in gala costume, traverses the country to expel the devils who may injure the crops. He orders them to get into the cities, and there they are kept prisoners until the harvest is gathered. Then the city folk are delivered from the malevolent spirits, who return to torment as they please the poor country people until the following spring.

"A little while ago, one of our Fathers told me that the mandarin, his neighbor, had been notified of the discovery of the rain god, and so there was hope that the dry weather would soon cease. The mandarin immediately put on his holiday attire, and went to the place where the people were carefully guarding the rainy divinity. It was a little inoffensive serpent, well-known in Europe. At sight of it the mandarin and his suite prostrated themselves, took up the serpent and carried it with great ceremony into a pagoda. Here they offered him sacrifices, and two attendants were left to protect him. He died a few days later, probably of indigestion, for they had treated him to a copious luncheon of milk and eggs.

"Here is another fact which reveals the character of the Chinese pagan. It happened four or five days ago in our village. A messenger came to say, that, a few yards away from our house, a man was lying under a tree, and was very near death. We found a poor man, with death already in his face, his few rags scattered here and there around him. I recognized him: he was an old pagan, whom I had often met in my journeys. He was good-natured, agreeable to everybody, and cursing none—a rare thing for a Chinaman. 'Why has this poor man been left here?' we asked. One of the pagan bystanders answered: 'He came to me ten years ago. He has now no family living. He worked well for me, and I have been pleased with his services. Some days ago he fell sick: I took care of him. But now as he is going to die, I cannot keep him any longer in the house: it would cause trouble with the magistrates. Besides he understands the matter himself: he went out of his own free will.' To take him into one's house then was nothing less than heroic.

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He was partly eaten with worms, and the smell from his wounds was pestilential, while swarms of greenish flies crowded upon him. It was in truth the Lazarus of the Gospel. 'Father,' said a good Christian widow, 'I will take him home, although my children are opposed to it. He is baptized. Some one asked him if he wished to die a Christian. "Yes," he said, "for I want to go to heaven. I have inquired about the Christian religion, and I wish to die in it." ' He was taken to the widow's house, and cared for tenderly. Next day he died. Here in China this harshness towards the dying is looked upon as quite natural, and nobody is surprised at it."

Honors to Slaughtered Christians.

Father Becker, S. J., a missionary in South-western Che-li (China), recently took up the bodies of the 126 Christians, slain on the 26th of June, 1900, by the Boxers, while seeking refuge in the mission residence. The pagan inhabitants of the neighborhood showed much sympathy. The mandarin came with Father Becker, and the translation of the bodies was effected with much ceremony : there was a solemn procession, with music and rockets. Of about thirty bodies of the martyrs no trace was found. The others were chiefly in two trenches. One contained forty-two bodies, heaped one upon the other. Three skeletons of women still held in the arms three smaller skeletons of their children, who died with them. A number of the victims were buried alive upon their refusal to apostatize. The second trench contained sixty-six bodies, with the flesh still preserved by the salt contained in the earth. Many of these also had been buried alive. Some bodies and skeletons were in a crouching position, with the garments brought over the heads to protect them from the earth flung upon them as the trenches were filled up. The bodies were reverently placed in coffins, and the honor they so well merited given them. The glorious register of these marvellous martyrdoms will, we trust, be soon prepared. The difficulty hitherto has been, no doubt, to collect information and visit the scenes of death, owing to the still dangerously disturbed condition of the country.

Where St. Francis Xavier is Buried.

Father Sewell, S.J., writes of a recent visit to Goa, in India : "I have purposely left to the last my impressions of what I

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saw in Goa. First, as regards the clergy. His Excellency the Patriarch had, I found, only one European priest with him in Goanese territory besides two or three of European descent—one educated in Europe and the rest in Goa. With these exceptions, the clergy—some 800 in number—are natives of the country. Of course, in a four days' visit I could not come in contact with many, but those I did meet impressed me most favorably as men of exterior polish of manner, self-possessed, dignified, reverent in demeanor, affable without being forward, men of learning, devoted to their work and most courteous. That there are no exceptions is not, I suppose, to be expected of them any more than of any other class of persons in any part of the world, but so far as I could judge from their bearing in church and when saying the Divine Office, I was greatly edified. I was especially struck with the humility and modesty of the few Seminarists I saw at Rachol and with the careful training they had had in serving Mass, as well as by their quiet, unassuming reverence of manner. I need not speak of the hospitality and kindness of the Patriarch here, as I have already spoken of it, nor of the attention and kindness of his Secretary, Father Campos, with whom I drove to Santa Cruz and afterwards returned to Panjim; but I may say here what I heard on all sides that this state of things is in a large measure due to the untiring exertions of that true pastor of souls, the venerated Patriarch, who, setting an example of apostolic piety in his household, requires every priest to make a retreat once in three years, and many, I was told, do so annually. Where this is the case, it is not surprising that the people love and are attached to their religion; and, so far as a mere passer-by could judge from chance words and actions and such information as could be gleaned by casual inquiries, this was not a mere nominal attachment, but a deep reverence for religion in their hearts that manifested itself by their external piety and simplicity of manners."

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